Red eyes

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by Kindred

Summary

Will is married to Peter Diamond an FBI agent that thinks he is god's greatest gift. The problem is with Peter he doesn't like the idea of Will being back in the filed and gets his good friend Hannibal to say Will is to unstable to do his job. However Hannibal had other plans for Will.

Peter is a dick.

Notes

got not a clue

Chapter 1

Will sat alone at home, cleaning up the broken glass off the floor he doesn't know why he stays with Peter any more all the man does is yell and throws his weight around him. Standing up with the bowl of broken glass he walked back into the kitchen and placed it on the counter near the sink, he was grateful that the glass was empty as he went to get the vacuum cleaner. He could feel his face sting from the punch but knew he had to clean up the glass first before he could look at himself.

The fight was over jobs yet again, Peter is an FBI agent and he was happy with Will being a retired criminal profiler and teaching forensic classes for the FBI. But then Special Agent Jack Crawford asked him out of retirement and back into the filed it started to make Peter Diamond unhappy and had tried to get Will back teaching but Jack had forced him to back down. Peter even called in a favour from an old friend of his Doctor Hannibal Lecter of course first going through Will's friend Alana. But Will seem to think that is his down fall getting Hannibal in.

He watched as the remains of the glass got sucked up into the hover, Things haven't that good with Peter for a long time. It took him a long time to realise that Peter taken over his life, how he dressed, walked and talked. But then Jack got him back on the field and his husband become worst abusive. He looked around his clean house and notices that everything in it wasn't his everything was Peter's. He frowned as he put the vacuum cleaner away and then turned the lights off and walked up stairs.

The next day the black bruises were bright and anyone could see it, he sighed as he headed down the stairs his head thumping his face sore and swollen. He heard Peter come home last night but he must have slept in the spare room because for once he wasn't pawed in the morning. Entering the kitchen he found Peter stood dressed for work looking like he always does coming from a catalogue. His bleached white smile and sliced back golden blonde hair he could pass off as a Chris Hemsworth ripe off If it wasn't for the fact that he was a little to skinny. He looked at Will and pushed a cup of fresh cup of coffee and an egg muffin towards him. "Hey baby." He smiled, Will walks passed him to the kitchen cabinet where Peter keeps the stronger pain killer under lock and key. He tries to open it and found it locked
"Key please?" He asked,
"Will you know I don't like you…" Turning around will looked at him and showed him the black bruise on his cheek and saw Peter flinch, he wanted to smile at the look but didn't. "I… I ummm…put some makeit on it." He then leaned to kiss Will on the cheek but missed as Will turned his head.
"Don't touch me." The curly haired man hissed. Peter frowned and gave Will and nasty looked, as he pulled back and grabbed his brief case and then stopped and turned.

He looked back at Will with a cold hard stare and then pulled something out of his pocket like an evidences bag. Will froze when he saw what was in it …I threw those out…he thought as Peter slapped it down onto the counter, it was three pregnancy stick the ones that Will had used a couple of days ago and threw out into the bin for the bin men to pick up.
"You know my thoughts on children, I want it sorted before I get home. " Peter said snarled,

as he walked up close to Will and pressed his hand on his stomach, making Will flinch at his touch “Or I will…again.” He then just turned and left.
“No this time.” Will said to an empty house. He could not do this to another child, he was at an age where children should be difficult to have, this could be his last chance and he wasn’t going to give it up.

He didn’t go to work he couldn’t bear to see Peter whispering in Alana’s ear again and watching her giggle. So he went to Hannibal’s home, he knew it was the doctor’s day off and it was the only place he felt safe. Hannibal let out a growl seeing the bruises on Will’s face and ushered him into his home to look at the marks “Your husband is a pig.” Hannibal said as he rubbed cream on the bruise Will at his touch “We should get this looked at Will I think he might have done more damage than just a bruise.” He whispered softly to him.
“Hannibal I’m pregnant.” He tells him, the ash blonde still’s for a moment and let’s a flicker of a smile appear on his face.
“I know I could smell it.” he told him,
“Your famous sense of smell.” Will looks down at his hands “How do I smell?” He asked before looking back up at the maroon eyes
“Like your mine.” He growled as he lowered his head and kissed Will on the lips as he tangled his fingers into the curls and held him close.

Will held himself close to the man warping his arms around him and kissing him as hungrily as Hannibal was kissing him. Pulling back for air Will smiled as he closed his eyes “Don’t go home to tight, let me deal with your husband.” Hannibal whispered. Will open his eyes and looked at him
“Are you going to kill him?” He asked, the blonde moved back a little and blinked at his blue eyed lover. “I’ve known for a while, I’ve just been stringing Jack along.” Will said as he reached out and stroked Hannibal’s face. The blonde grinned back at him and pushed him down onto his sofa and settled above him.
“I knew I found my kindred spirit.” He growled “I will not let that any harm come to you and our child.” Will smiled as Hannibal pushed his hand gently under shirt and pressed to the small swell.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I wasn't planning on writing more but I had a dream last night

Will sat in the chair, next to Peter who was busy looking down at his phone not really caring about why they were there. It was his idea to drag Will there and the man but he just looked disinterested “Where the hell is he?” Peter grumbled “It’s not like Hannibal to be late.” He said out loud.
“We are the last appointment of the day we have all the time in the world." Will said, but the sun kissed blonde made a noise "Is there somewhere you need to be?” Will asked with a frown, Peter looked up from his phone at his husband.
“I told you darling that I have a case I need to work on tonight.” Peter patted the other's hand, Will pulled his hand away and then took his glasses off to clean them “I wish you wore your contact today.” The blonde mumbled,
“I will stay and speak to Hannibal so why don’t you go and get your work done.” Will forced himself to smile at the man. Bright blue eyes shone as he stood up and leaned down and pinched Will’s cheek.
“Don’t wait up.” He then left
“I’m not planning to.”

Hannibal walked in a few moments later and raised an eye brow at the empty seat beside Will, looking up the curly haired man forced another smile out. Getting up with a sight wince the profiler held out his hand “Doctor Lecter how nice to see you, I am sorry but Peter has a case that needs his time. It seem it’s just me tonight.” He smiled, as the Doctor took his hand and shook it. Will felt his heart stop, he had never met Peter’s friend until now but he found himself to look away.
“Then as you are my last appointment and the husband of my friend, I insist you join me for dinner.” He smiled, he saw Will blushed and he licked his lips as he liked what he saw… Peter has no idea how beautiful he is…
“I don’t think that is a good idea. You are meant to see if I am able to work in the field again, I know Peter is worried.” Will said, letting a flicker of anger and pain bloom cross his face.
“I insist William.” He warped his arm around the younger man’s back and led him out the offices.

Hannibal wore an apron around his waist as he was cutting onions while Will watched him as he sipped a glass of white wine “Peter told me that you were a good cook.” Hannibal smiled as he watched the younger man.
“I had some training.” He told him, he watched the profiler roll up his sleeve and moved around the counter
“May I help?” He asked,
“You can soak me those shiitake mushroom in hot water and then slice them.” He asked him,

nodding Will moved to picked up the jar of dried shiitake mushroom and took out a handful and placed it in a bowl. Hannibal heard Will hiss and turned to look at him and watched him rub his arm. “Is your arm bothering you?” He asked he asked as he put the knife down and wiped his hand in the apron and walked over to Will.
“It’s nothing I just bashed my arm.” He told him, but the burgundy eyed Doctor was already pulling Will’s shirt down his shoulder. “Y…You’re just looking for ways to make me blush.” Making the older male chuckle as he looked at the hand print bruise on his arm.”
“Neither Jack or Peter told me that you had hurt yourself in the field?” He asked, Will was breathing heavily as Hannibal moved his arm to see how bad it was.
“I…I didn’t… he doesn’t know his own strength.”
“Peter did this?” Red eyes look at him and Will found himself nodding, before pulling away and holding his arm.
“May I use your bathroom?” The curly haired man couldn’t look at him and he could see tears gathering in his eyes
“If course, it’s down the hall.”

During the dinner Hannibal watched Will, the way he held himself as he ate and sat it was like he was a doll and someone had made him up.…control freak Peter…he thought. He then watched as Will had trouble with one arm “Will you know you can be yourself here, I will not tell Peter anything that happens between us.” Will jumped hearing the double meaning and his cheeks flushed red once again. Putting his knife and fork down the curly haired man looked up at him, he was enjoying the meal and the company Hannibal was something else he made him feel relax. “This isn’t the real you, Peter had made you like this, I heard his comment about your glasses. Will looked down at his plate “How many years have you been married?” He asked
“15 years.”
“And no children?” Will looked up and blinked at him, his hand moving to his stomach and that is when the sadness appeared on his face.
“Peter decide that he wants us to concentrate on our work, he say children caused more problems.” He said it like those words have been drummed into him.

Over the next couple of months as Will’s work got him diving deeper into the mind of the criminals like the Chesapeake Ripper he found himself spreading more time with Hannibal as Peter got more violent at home. Then one evening after Peter got angry Will went to Hannibal’s offices with a busted lips and black eye. “What happen?” Hannibal asked, as the younger man walks up to him and grabs the Doctor by the collar of his jacket and kissed him. Hannibal froze for a moment and then kissed back pulling Will closer to him. He could taste the blood from the busted lip and he growled as they all pulled Part.
“Tell me that you want me? Say that the late night meals and the lingering touches mean you want me?” Will begged, Hannibal growled again his eyes seemed to flash a brighter red as he pushed Will against the ladder to his book shelf and warped his hand around his throat and kissed him.

Will gasped as he arched his back as he felt Hannibal’s hand on his throat holding his head in place as he kissed him his hand other hand moved to Will’s trousers and started to pull at the belt trying to get them undone. Pulling back for air the curly haired man as he panted “I take that as a yes?” He whispered, as he moved his hands to do the buttons on Hannibal’s’ shirt.
“I want you in every way I can think, from having you laid out on my bed to this moment

right now.” He growled, Will shivered at the inhuman growl, he pulled his hands away from the Doctor’s shirt and then let himself open his own shirt and pull the trousers off along with his boxer, socks and shoes.
“Then do it!” Will whispered with a hiss as he warped his arms around the ladder.

Growling again Hannibal pulled his jacket off and threw it onto a chair before he pressed himself up against Will’s body. He has already seen Will naked but never all at once and yes Will’s body was smooth. His legs were silky and smooth and his chest was clear not that he doesn’t mind it. Opening his own trousers he pulled out his cock and spits on his hand before he moves his slicked up fingers to the puckered hole. But Will shook his head “No I just want you now!” He begged “Let me feel you open me up, spread me wide with just your cock.” He begged, grinning from ear to ear Hannibal spits once again in his hand and covers his cock up before he pushes forward.

Gasping as the tip of Hannibal’s cock push into him it should hurt him he should be begging him to stop but Will liked the burn, he like that it hurt as Hannibal slithered inside of him “Oh god.” Will shivered, again Hannibal’s hand moved back to Will’s throat as he pressed their foreheads together “Hannibal.” He whispered, he could feel the sight squeeze on his throat but that added to it. He had thought that the older man who always seem like a cage demon, would be wild as he fuck him roughly but instead it was slow almost lazy and it had Will choking on the feeling. The way his hips dragged his cock almost all the way out and he would hold it there for a small moment before thrusting himself back in with a little more force and always in the same spot of nerves.

It felt like it lasted forever and that is what Will wanted it, he didn’t want it to end encase Hannibal changes his mind, after all he is married to one of Hannibal’s university friend. Their eyes never left each other as Hannibal lazily fucked him his body shivered as it felt like every nerve ending is on fire “Let me mark you.” Hannibal rumbled
“Please.” He was begging now, not just for the mark but for his release. Moving his head Hannibal sink his teeth into Will’s shoulder as deep as they can go braking the skin until he could taste the blood. The pain from the bite sent Will over the edge as he came with a scream he felt himself black out as Hannibal still kept moving.

When he came to he was curled up on Hannibal’s bed warped up in his sheets with the man behind him, he could feel the burn in his body and the sting in the bite but he doesn’t seem to mind as he looked up to see the maroon eyes looking down at him. “I’m going to hell.” Will whispered
“Then I’m going with you.” Hannibal grinned as he pulled him in for a kiss.

….End of Flash back….
Will was home thinking of Hannibal and his first time together and he smiled as he fingered the scared bite. Hannibal told him about how he will take care of Peter he just had to trust him and Will did. So he returned home his child growing happily inside of him, for the time being everything had to carry on as normal much to Will dismay. It wasn’t hard to fake that he had lost the child and with Hannibal’s help it looks even more really. He could hear Peter pull up and the jingle of keys and then the man walks in “Will?” He calls out, the man walks in with flowers and chocolates “There you are?” He smiles, as he walks over to him and kiss

him on the cheek missing the bruise. “You didn’t come in today.” He said as he handed him the floors and placed a hand on his stomach.

Will flinched and winced in pain “Don’t.” He hissed as he turned to the sink “Your food is in the oven.” He said as he snipped the ends of the stalks off before putting the flowers into a vase.
“That bad?” Peter asked, Will didn’t say anything as he filled it up with water “I’m trying to be the good guy here?”
“Good guy? Really I don’t feel like you’re the good guy Peter if anything you’re the bad guy.” He growled, he then turned and left the kitchen
“Fine if that is how you’re going to behave I’m going back to work.” He said as he snatched his keys from the counter to leave. He walk passed Will who was placing the vase down.
“Say hi to Alana for me.” He said, Peter turns and looks at him and see the look in Will’s eyes and freezes.
“How?”
“You really aging ask me that? Enjoy your night darling that is all that matters.”

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